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Salvator Rosa.

This celebrated musician, painter and poet was born at Renessa, near Naples, in the year 1615. He was originally intended for the church, and was educated in accordance with that intention; but his mind, of all others, was ill calculated for a monkish life, and at an early age he abandoned his probationary habit, and returned to his father's house. We now first hear of him in connection with music, and cannot resist giving an account of his progress in this science, in the very entertaining words of Lady Morgan.

"The contumacious student of the Padri Somaschi escaped from the restraints of their cloister, and the horrid howl of their *laude spirituali*, to

all the intoxication of sound and sight, with every sense in full accordance with the musical passion of the day. It is little wonderful if, at this epoch of his life, Salvator gave himself up unresistingly to the pursuit of a science, which he cultivated with ardor, even when time had preached his tumultuous pulse to rest; or if the floating capital of genius, which was as yet unappropriated, was in part applied to that species of composition which, in the youth of a man, as of nations, precedes deeper and more important studies, and for which, in either, there is but one age. All poetry and passion, his young muse 'dallied with the innocence of love,' and inspired strains which, though the simple breathings of an ardent temperament, the exuberance of youthful excitement and an overteeming sensibility, were assigning him a place among the first Italian lyrists of his age. Little did he then dream that posterity would apply the rigid rules of criticism to the 'idle visions' of his boyish fancy; or that his bars and basses would be analyzed by the learned umpires of future ages, declared 'not only admirable for a dilettante,' but, 'in point of melody, superior to that of most of the masters of his time.'

"His musical productions became so popular, that the 'spinners and knitters in the sun did use to chant them;' (an image which every street in Naples, during the winter season, daily exhibits); and there was in some of these short lyric poems, which he set to music, a softness and delicacy that rendered them even worthy to be sung

'By some fair queen in summer bower
With ravishing divisions of her lute'

still, however, they are more curious as compared to that stern strain of harp invective which runs through all his maturer compositions, and to that dark, deep, and indignant feeling which pervades all his satires.

"Having acquired considerable mastery on the lute, (for which, like Petrarch, he preserved a passion till the last year of his life,) he soon became one of the most brilliant and successful serenaders of Naples. Many of those gay and *gal-liard* figures which, in after life, escaped from his graphic pencil and rapid graver, with hair and feather floating in the breeze, are said to have been but copies of himself, as he stood niched under the shadow of a balcony, or reclined on the prow of a felucca, singing to his lute the charms or cruelty of some listening Irene or Cloris of the moment.

"This mode of life, of course, could not last very long; it was necessary that he should turn his serious exertions to some profession; and a family connection drew them to that of painting. From this time, Rosa advanced rapidly in reputation and in wealth; and his house became the resort of some of the most intellectual and cultivated men in Rome.

"His pathetic cantatas, and their plaintive compositions, drew tears from the brightest eyes in Rome; the 'potent, grave, and reverend signors' of the conclave did not disdain to solicit

admission to those evening *conversazioni* of the *Via Babuina*, where the comic muse alone presided, but where, under the guise of national *naïveté*, veiled in a rustic dialect, and set off by the most humorous gesticulations, truths were let drop with impunity, more perilous than those for translating which from the pages of Lucian a protégé of the Grand Duke de' Medici was at the same moment confined by the Inquisition.

"The manner of the daring *improvisatore*, as left on record by his chroniclers, or handed down by tradition, was no less singular and attractive than the matter which inspired him. The apartment in which he received his company was affectedly simple. The walls, hung with faded tapestry, exhibited none of his beautiful pictures, which might well have attracted attention from the actor to his works. A few rows of seats included all the furniture; and they were secured at an early hour by the impatience of an audience, select and exclusive, either invited by himself or introduced by his friends. When the company were assembled, and not before, Salvator appeared in the circle, but with the air of a host rather than that of an exhibitor, until the desire to hear him recite his poetry, or to *improvisare*, expressed by some individual, produced a general acclamation of entreaty. It was a part of his coquetry to require much solicitation; and when at last he consented, he rose with an air of timidity and confusion, and presented himself with his lute or a roll of paper containing the heads of his subject. After some graceful hesitation, a few preluding chords, or a slight hem! to clear his full, deep voice, the scene changed; the elegant, the sublime Salvator disappeared, and was replaced by the gesticulating and grimacing Coviello, who, long before he spoke, excited such bursts of merriment, *con le più ridicole smorfie al suo modo Napoletano*, (with the most laughable grimaces in the true Neapolitan style,) that even the gravest of his audience were ready to burst. When the adroit *improvisatore* had thus wound up his auditory to a certain pitch of exaltation, and prepared them at least to receive with good humor whatever he might hazard, he suddenly stepped forth and exclaimed with great energy, in the broad Neapolitan of the Largo di Castello, '*Siente chisso vè, anza gli uocci*—a Neapolitan idiom, meaning 'Awaken, and heed me,' but literally translated, 'Listen, and open your eyes.' He then began his recitation. 'Whatever were its faults of composition,' says one of his biographers, 'it was impossible to detect them, as long as he recited; nor could their charm be understood by those who did not hear them recited by himself. When some of these productions were published after his death, it was supposed that they would lose much of their apparent merit, because his fervid and abundant genius, rich in its natural fertility, despised the trammels of art, as submitting talent to mean and slavish rules. The contrary, however, was the fact; for they excited universal admiration.'

"With a thirst of praise which scarcely any

applause could satisfy, Salvator united a quickness of perception that rendered him suspicious of pleasing, even at the moment he was most successful. A gaping mouth, a closing lid, a languid look, or an impatient hem! threw him into utter confusion, and deprived him of all presence of mind, of all power of concealing his mortification. When he perceived that some witty sally had fallen lifeless, that some epigrammatic point had escaped the notice of his auditors, he was wont to exclaim to his particular friends, when the strangers were departed: 'What folly to lose my time and talent in reading before these beasts of burden, who feel nothing, and have no intellect beyond what is necessary to understand the street ballads of the blind band!'

"Observing the manners of an age in which he deemed it an indignity to have been born, with the deep and philosophic view which distinguished all he thought and produced, Salvator perceived that the church was making the same monopoly of music as she had done of painting, and would, in the end, degrade one art (as she had already deteriorated the other) to the worst purposes. The finest singers were now shut up in the Roman monasteries; and all Rome was then resorting to the *Spirito Santo*, to hear the sister Veronica, a beautiful nun, who awakened emotions in her auditors that did not all belong to heaven.

"It was in the palaces of the *Porporati* that the first musical dramas were given, which bore any resemblance to the modern opera by which they are now succeeded in the *Argentina*; and the choir of the Pontifical Chapel (which gave the musical tone to all the churches of Christendom, while it engrossed all the patronage of the government) was gradually abandoning those learned combinations, and that solemn and affecting simplicity, which were calculated to answer the purposes of a passionate devotion, and to satisfy, at the same moment, the taste of the amateur and the enthusiasm of the devotee.

"The first attempt at a regular drama was made at Rome in one of these palaces, as early as 1632, three years before Salvator's first arrival there. It was called '*Il Ritorno di Angelica nella India*,' and was composed by the then fashionable secular composer Tignali. Public operas were at this time performing in Venice and Bologna.

"It may be curious to observe, that the instruments which were then found in the secular orchestras of Italy, were the organ, viol, viol da gamba, harp, lute, guitar, spinet, harpsichord, theorbo, and trumpet: while the court band of Louis XIII. and XIV. only consisted of the far-famed '*four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row*,' and even they were imported from Italy. The first and the most distinguished was Baptiste Lulli, brought from Florence by Maria de' Medici, at the age of fourteen. From a simple *violinier*, he became the founder of the French opera, and the model upon which Cambra, Destouches, and other French composers founded their braying monotonies. At the same period in England, the music of Lawes and Bird was laid aside as profane, and replaced by those pious discords,

'Such as from lab'ring lungs enthusiast blows,
High sounds attempted through the vocal nose.'

Vicenzio Galileo (the father of the celebrated astronomer) remarks, however, in his '*Dialogo della Musica*,' that the best Italian lyres were made for the English market.

"While the music of the church was gradually assuming an effeminate character, the palaces of the great were filled with the most worthless of the profession, of both sexes. The genius which went to the composition of the finest music was then, as now, less prized and rewarded than the voice which executed it; and the profligacy of the public singers in Italy was no impediment to their reception into the first families of the country. Upon this shameless laxity of manners, and the visible degradation of ecclesiastical music, Salvator fell with a Puritan's severity, scarcely surpassed by the anathemas of Calvin, or the vituperations of Erasmus. He attacked the style of singing in the Pontifical Chapel. He attacked the vices of a profession which now, beyond every other, received the special patronage of the

lords of the conclave; and though his efforts at reformation were as yet confined to his recitations, and to the frank utterance of opinions over which he held no control, yet these philippics increased the number of his enemies, even more than an attack on religion itself would have done.

"While, however, all the singers in Rome, with their patrons and partisans, took the field against the satirist, the great composers, distinguished alike for their genius and their morals, rallied round him; and the musical album of Salvator, brought a century after his death into England, (the land which has always been true to his merits, and in sympathy with his genius,) is a record that he offended none but those whose enmity was distinction."

"Among the musical manuscripts purchased at Rome in 1770," says Dr. Burney, in his '*History of Music*,' "one that ranks the highest in my own favor was the music book of Salvator Rosa, the painter; in which are contained, not only the airs and cantatas set by Carissimi, Cesti, Luigi, (Rossi,) Cavalli, Legrenze, Capellino, Pasqualini, and Bandini, of which the words of several are by Salvator Rosa, but eight entire cantatas, written, set, and transcribed by the celebrated painter himself. The book was purchased of his granddaughter, who occupied the house in which her ancestor had lived and died. The handwriting was ascertained by collation with his letters and satires, of which the originals are preserved by his descendants. The historians of Italian poetry, though they often mention Salvator as a satirist, seem never to have heard of his lyrical productions. Other single airs by Luigi and Legrenze, the words by Salvator Rosa, fill up the volume, in which there is nothing so precious as the musical and poetical compositions of Rosa." It is enough to establish the musical genius of Salvator Rosa, that his compositions were pronounced by the most learned and elegant musical professors of the last century to be, "in point of melody, superior to most of the masters of his time." Rosa died at Rome in 1673.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Earnest Master.

When a boy, he was obliged to assist his father in giving music lessons, and in playing the organ at church. All who observed the earnestness and eagerness with which he did it, foresaw that he would one day become an excellent master. At nineteen he appeared before the public with his first work, three sonatas for the piano-forte, the skill and genius evinced in which attracted great attention on the part of critics and artists, who watched his further course with interest.

Thus encouraged he came out, with one work after another, all worthy of the author of those fine sonatas. He gained a reputation too, as an excellent performer on the piano-forte and organ; and as one equally at home in wielding the conductor's baton. In a few years he was an acknowledged master, notwithstanding all the obstacles inseparably connected with the career of a young and struggling composer without fortune. (Among other signs of acknowledgement he received the title of "Doctor of Music," a compliment that has only been paid in Germany to musicians of the very highest order, such as Mendelssohn, Spohr, Liszt, Marx, and a few others.) Especially did he distinguish himself in the composition of oratorios, so that many pronounced him the worthiest successor of Handel. Next came many overtures, songs, sonatas, etc. etc., all bearing the stamp of a manly, vigorous spirit, thoroughly trained in every branch of the tone-art, particularly in counterpoint.

It is said he has never tried the composition of an opera or any other theatrical work. The reason thereof may be found, as we think, in his

character. He had too high an opinion of the Art, to sacrifice a title of it to the caprices and follies of stage singers, and the arrogance of stage managers, as the dramatic composer is generally obliged to do. Besides, he was too honest to pay flattering compliments, and give undeserved praise; he spoke right out just what he thought; his frankness and uprightness were proverbial among musicians. When the dignity of the Art or of artists was to be defended, he showed an imposing courage, firmness, and self-confidence, and he cared little whether it was a prince or any other man with whom he had to deal. At the princely court of Dessau, where he was chapel-master, he has given frequent evidences of this; which, by the way, never impaired the regard and affection of the music-loving duke and family towards him. On the other hand his modesty towards real merit and real greatness was touching. This was illustrated in two instances, as follows.

At the Hamburg musical festival in 1841 he was invited to conduct the sacred concert, in which Handel's "*Messiah*" was to be performed. The performance being over, a laurel wreath was solemnly presented to him. This manifestation of esteem and regard on the part of more than six hundred musicians and amateurs, among whom were Marschner, Liszt, David, and others, evidently touched him; however, when he held the wreath in his hands he exclaimed: "No, not I have deserved the laurels, but Handel!" and then placed the wreath on Handel's bust, which stood there.

Another time, a few days after the 4th of November, 1847, we find him, then an old man of above sixty, with some friends, in the midnight hour, at the depot of the city in which he resided, waiting for the arrival of the train from Leipsic to Berlin, which bore the mortal remains of that excellent master in the tone-art,* who in the prime of his life, in the midst of his glorious career, had been so suddenly called hence. The train having arrived, he went to see the coffin, on which, after some appropriate words, he put a laurel wreath; his old, true face impressed with the sincerest grief.

In his later years, when the Art had taken a direction that was against his convictions, he wrought only in silence; in the city of his residence, however, they had still opportunity to witness his mastery in conducting chorus and orchestra, and hear his really wonderful organ playing. Moreover, he continued to advise and assist young composers, to the training of whom he had formerly, for many years, chiefly devoted himself. Some instructive works published at that time, for instance: "Instruction in the Art of Musical composition;" "Instruction in Singing for Public Schools;" "The Perfect Organist;" "Organ School," &c., show that he must have been a master in teaching, likewise. It is now about four years since he published an advertisement throughout Germany, inviting any young composers of symphonies and overtures, who wished to hear their works, to come to Dessau; as he would, provided the score showed skill and talent, have them performed by his orchestra.

There is perhaps no author so little encouraged as the composer, who is not world-renowned. Only to have the reward of *hearing* the work which he has written, sometimes with the sacri-

* Mendelssohn.

fice of time, money, even of health, he must frequently beg and humble himself to arrogant and jealous conductors, and hardly once in ten cases does he succeed. One might ask: "Why does he not rather tear his score to pieces and fling his pen out of the window, to write never a note more?" But it is a well-established fact that a gifted composer cannot leave off writing; as the bird upon the twig sometimes cannot leave off singing, though it be driven from one tree to another.

This our honest master knew from personal experience; he tried therefore, as it seemed, to give an impulse toward mitigating this cruel fact; which, by the way, has always been a chief obstacle to the progress of the art. That advertisement was received, as one may easily imagine, with great pleasure, by our young composing friends, who instantly, with their scores under their arms, commenced the pilgrimage to the city of promise. Whether the crowd became so large that it annoyed him, or whether it was from some other cause which he could not control, a few months afterwards appeared another advertisement, stating briefly, that he was obliged to discontinue these performances.

We believe this was the last time he was heard from by the public at large. Some weeks ago his friends this side of the ocean were surprised and pained by the announcement in the papers of the death of FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER (the reader will undoubtedly have recognized that master as the subject of our sketch), in November 1853, at the age of sixty-seven.

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK.

NOTE. To the above we may add: that the "Philharmonic Society" in New York announce for their next rehearsal a symphony (No. 20, in B), written expressly for the society by Friedrich Schneider, of Dessau, and received only a short time before his death.—ED.

Our New Opera House.

The *Atlas* of Tuesday presents the following satisfactory information, which may serve, (for the present at least) as an answer to the thousand anxious inquiries which we have heard on all sides.

THE BOSTON THEATRE.—Our readers may be already aware that, in 1852, a number of gentlemen of our city applied to the Legislature, and obtained an act of incorporation, under the name of the Boston Theatre. As soon as their charter was secured, a subscription was opened, and the entire stock of two hundred and fifty shares, of the par value of one thousand dollars each, was all taken up by persons interested in giving to our city a reputation for the excellence of its public amusements. Much of the stock was taken by our most eminent merchants, with the hope that, by so doing, they would not only be contributing towards raising the standard of public amusements of their city, but would, at the same time, be creating an inducement for strangers to visit Boston, and by giving it an additional attraction, make their visits both pleasant and frequent. Our city was at that time, and still is, in want of a much higher class of public amusements than it has for many years possessed. There is not at present a *first class* theatre in our city. But such a want will not remain long unsupplied. Managers would not furnish what was wanted, and our own people at last, in self defence, commenced an undertaking which is now almost completed. The Boston Theatre, which is, with the single exception of the new opera house in New York, the largest and most convenient theatre in the world, will be finished in a few months, and will be opened

at the commencement of the next season, when an impetus will be given to the drama in our city, from which, we believe, it will not soon recover. Under the management of Mr. Barry, a gentleman of the greatest experience in theatrical matters, and who will be, at the same time, lessee and stage manager, the Boston Theatre will acquire a popularity heretofore unknown in our city. Mr. Barry will soon leave for England, and has, as we may say, a *carte blanche* to obtain the best talent that can be found. No doubt an excellent stock company can be obtained in our own country, but Mr. Barry wishes to avail himself of the time and opportunity to secure none but the best. The generous conditions of his agreement with the directors of the company, warrant him in securing the services of none but the most talented performers. We have understood that Mr. Barry will not adhere to the old fashioned *star system*, but will place his principal dependence upon his stock company.

Knowing that there exists a considerable desire in the community to learn some facts connected with the new theatre, we have taken pains to make inquiries concerning the present state of the structure and the probability of its early completion; and having learned something of the plans upon which it is constructed, now present the result for the information of our readers. The lot upon which the theatre has been built, fronts on the rear of the stores on Washington street, next north of the Melodeon; the rear of the estate is on Mason street. The directors of the company, in order to secure a proper lot for the erection of the theatre, were compelled to purchase a much larger piece of ground than could possibly be needed for their purposes. The remainder, embracing the entire lot upon which the Melodeon hall is situated will doubtless be disposed of at some future time, or may be leased on advantageous terms. The main entrance is at the southern corner on Washington street, at the narrow passage next north of the Melodeon. This passageway will soon be widened by the removal of a portion of the Melodeon building, not including, however, the favorite hall, when a passageway of about thirty feet in width will be presented, making one of the most excellent entrances that could be formed. This passageway will be built over, and will then resemble in general appearance the entrance to Niblo's Theatre in New York. This main entrance will conduct the spectator to the parquette and all the galleries, with the exception of the upper, to which there is a separate entrance at the northern corner on Washington street, where there is now a narrow passageway, which will also be covered. There are also two entrances to the parquette and lower galleries at each end of the Mason street side of the building. These two entrances are both firmly arched and will always afford a safe and sure mode of exit to an audience. Carriages can reach the building, either on Mason or Washington street, but the entrance on the former street will be found the most convenient in bad weather, for the doorways will there be protected by awnings, under which carriages may be driven, so that visitors can alight therefrom without soiling a garment or experiencing the slightest inconvenience from the weather.

The main entrance from Washington street will be by a gentle ascent, without steps of any kind, to the main door, where a most imposing sight will greet the spectator. The spacious entrance hall is on a level with the parquette, and will be handsomely decorated and finished. From this point a splendid carved oaken staircase, which will rival in magnificence the famous ones of olden times, will conduct to the upper rows. Space seemed to be no object with the designers of the building, for there is ample room for every object. The corridors are wide and extensive, and will be fitted with all conveniences. Beyond the entrance hall there is a corridor of about nine feet in width, extending entirely around the parquette, which is intended to serve, not as a place for promenading, to the annoyance of the audience, but for the convenience of those who may wish to pass in or out.

The general appearance of the theatre bears a

great resemblance, in respect to corridors, to the Music Hall. Those who may wish to witness a performance must enter the hall, to which twenty-four doors open from the corridors. This plan is opposed to that of the Howard and National, where great annoyance is sometimes felt from the continued noise in the lobbies. In this respect the new theatre bears considerable resemblance to the old Tremont, above the pit. The adoption of this plan we consider as one of the best features of the house. It certainly will contribute much to the comfort, convenience, and pleasure of the audience.

The theatre hall or auditorium, is in a circular form; its exact shape may be understood by our mentioning that the interior walls of the parquette enclose an entire circle, with a diameter of 90 feet, with a portion, six feet deep, cut off at the curtain. The audience will have a good view of the stage, and as regards this respect we do not think the shape of the hall could be improved. The parquette embraces the entire lower floor, including that portion which in the Howard is devoted to the *dress circle*, and is ninety feet wide, from side to side. The distance from the front of the stage to the back of the parquette, is sixty-six feet. The stage projects in front eighteen feet, making the entire distance from the curtain to the back of the parquette, eighty-four feet. The outer seats of the parquette, to the extent of twelve feet from the wall, will be arranged in a circular form, and will be raised about one foot above the remainder of the seats. Those seats in this circle directly opposite the stage, corresponding in position to the private boxes at the Howard, will be divided into boxes for the convenience of parties and families. Owing to the peculiar construction of the house these seats will be no more desirable than others in the parquette, and will therefore be considered a portion of the parquette, with the same charge for admittance. The remaining parquette seats will be arranged in the usual form, with an aisle on each side of the above mentioned boxes, and one at each side near the stage. There are six small proscenium or stage boxes, three on each side.

The first gallery above the parquette will form the *dress circle*, and is in the same relative position as the family circle at the Howard. This *dress circle* will extend about twelve feet from the wall, and will contain four rows of seats. In front of the *dress circle*, two feet below it, and around the entire theatre, there will be a *balcony*, two seats deep on a level, in no way interfering with the sight of those in the *dress circle* behind. This *balcony* is a new feature in our country, and has, we believe, never before been introduced here, although common in the French theatres, under the name of *stalle-de-balcon*. The second tier will be of the same width as the *dress circle*, and will have, probably, a *balcony*, one seat deep. The third or upper gallery will extend back and include the corridors, and will also extend opposite the stage some distance. This latter portion may be closed up if not needed, or may be used as occasion may require. The height of the auditorium, from the parquette to the ceiling, will be about fifty-three feet.

	Seats.
The parquette will contain.....	1233.
The <i>dress circle</i> will contain.....	516.
The <i>dress circle balcony</i> will contain.....	200.
The second tier will contain.....	516.
The second tier balcony will contain.....	100.
Making in all, not including the gallery.....	2565.
The gallery will contain.....	832.
Total number.....	3398.

If the seats should be placed as close together as in some of our places of amusement, many hundreds more could easily be accommodated; but the directors prefer accommodating a smaller number rather than cramming their house to general inconvenience, for the purpose of making a little more money.

Some five or six months since, the directors offered a premium of one hundred dollars for the best seat suited to their wants. The seat selected is the one that will, with some improvements,

be used in the theatre, and is the most convenient and comfortable chair that we have ever seen. The frame will be of iron, and the seat will be covered with enamelled cloth, well stuffed. Each arm will answer for two chairs, will be sufficiently wide to be used, and will also be well cushioned. The backs will be so arranged with springs that they can be used in any position desired, and the seat portion, being placed upon pivots and loaded at the back, will rise up itself as soon as a person may quit it, thus giving ample room to pass in front between the seats. A space of thirty-one inches long and nineteen wide, will be allowed each spectator, and the sitting portion of the seats will be eighteen inches wide, from arm to arm, and twenty inches deep, from back to front.

At the northern end, on Washington street, back of the parquette, and on a level with the corridor, is a large saloon, forty-four by sixteen feet, and also a ladies' dressing room, eighteen by sixteen feet; also, on the same floor, a gentlemen's room, thirteen by eight feet. These rooms will be fitted up in a most magnificent style. On the dress circle floor there is a grand promenade saloon, twenty-six by forty-six feet, and twenty-six feet high. This saloon will be one of the most magnificent drawing rooms in the country, and will be beautifully fitted and decorated. There are also on this floor ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms, of the same size as those below. The second tier floor contains the dressing rooms but not the saloon; the gallery has a large retiring room. All the floors are amply furnished with cloak rooms, water and water closets.

The building will be lighted with gas upon a new plan. The ceiling of the auditorium will be but a false ceiling, in the centre of which will be a capacious metal inverted basin, in which the burners will be placed. This plan has been found not only pleasing to the eyes, but is at the same time a portion of the ventilating system of Prof. Wyman, whose aid has been sought in the erection of this beautiful building. There will also be burners beneath the galleries; but to prevent the great heat usually arising therefrom, flues have been constructed from the burners, through which the heat will pass off, and thus obviate the great objection against lights of the kind. The foot-lights will be arranged in the same manner. The entire theatre will be heated by steam, the apparatus for generating which will be placed in a cellar separate from the main building.

The stage is forty-seven feet wide at the proscenium opening, and the curtain will be thirty-five feet high. The distance from the curtain to the last flat is about forty-nine feet. At the back of the flat there is an open space for perspective, of about seventeen feet in depth, making the whole distance from the curtain to the back of the stage sixty-six feet, and from the front of the stage to the back of the stage about eighty-four feet. Behind the curtain the stage is from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty feet wide. This stage is supposed to be the best in the world as regards its machinery, size and other excellencies. Particular attention has been paid to the mechanical department, and all the recent improvements of the French and English theatres have been here introduced. Mr. Jacob Johnson, late of the Museum, is the machinist, and under his direction these improvements have been made. Mr. Johnson has had thirty years experience in the mechanical department of the stage, and will render the stage of the new theatre a wonder to all intimate with theatrical matters. There are upon the stage seven rows of side scenes, or wings, as they are technically termed. There are also traps, blocks, wheels, and other machinery innumerable about the stage, of which none but one accustomed to such things can tell even the use. There is one large trap about fifteen by twenty feet. Water has been introduced upon the stage, in such a way that real water-falls, fountains and cascades can be represented at any time; and below the stage are two cellars, through which scenery can be passed, should occasion require. At the back of the stage is a door on Mason street, for the introduction of machinery, through which, if needed, a coach and horses

could be easily driven. Should "Cinderella" ever be produced here, we may expect to see *Pedro's* pumpkin change to a real carriage and live horses. Mr. Charles Lehr, probably the best scene painter in the country, and the painter of the drop at the Museum, has been engaged, and is hard at work upon the scenery. Trees, houses, castles, rocks, and shrubbery are all appearing at his magic command. Behind the stage are ample dressing rooms, for almost any number of performers, which will be furnished with all the necessary conveniences.

The auditorium will be decorated in a most gorgeous manner, with oriental magnificence; but as the arrangements for this department have not been completed, we shall take a further opportunity to refer to them.

The directors have taken every precaution to guard against fire. We have already referred to the fireproof arched passage ways in Mason street. The staircase leading to the gallery from Washington street will be built of brick and iron, and can never be destroyed by fire. The entire building will be furnished with iron shutters, and the main walls are fire proof, being built of the best brick, laid in mortar made of equal proportions of cement and lime, in two thicknesses, of one foot each, with a space of four inches between, for the circulation of air. The peculiar method of constructing this wall will render the theatre warm in winter and cool in summer. Co-chituate water has been introduced into the theatre, by means of pipes four inches in diameter, to which hose of the ordinary size used with fire engines will always be attached, ready for immediate use at eight different points behind the curtain, both on the stage and above the scenery. Hand hose will be placed at convenient points throughout the building. A thick iron wire curtain, upon the principle of the safety lamp, will always be ready to close the connection between the audience and the stage. Smoke may pass through the interstices of this curtain, but from its nature it will be impervious to flame. This curtain or screen will be in sight of the audience every evening, and will be raised a few moments before the commencement of the performances. In addition to these arrangements to guard against fire, watchmen will be on duty throughout the building, both day and night, and the most important parts of it will be furnished with factory watch clocks, which must be visited at stated intervals, or in case of a neglect of duty, the fact will be recorded by the peculiar working of the clock. The building has been constructed in such a manner, that it seems as if danger from fire would be almost impossible. Great attention has also been paid to strength and durability. The roof is strongly arched, with trusses of the most durable appearance, and the whole building has been erected in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, and is highly creditable to all concerned.

We understand that the price of admission has been fixed at fifty cents to the parquette and first tier or dress circle, and twenty-five cents to the remainder of the house.

It will yet be some time before the interior of the Boston Theatre can assume a cheerful aspect. Masons, carpenters, plasterers, plumbers, gas-fitters, and machinists are all hard at work, endeavoring to leave everything in readiness for opening early next fall. We shall endeavor to keep our readers constantly informed in regard to the progress of the work upon the structure; and meanwhile shall await patiently for the evening that will commence a new era in Boston theatricals.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XII.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Now who is wrong? Here is an article by Rochlitz, published in his *Musikalische Zeitung* in 1815, upon popular songs, with a *Beilage* containing five examples. "The first," he says, "is Venetian. This in the highest degree simple song, executed very slowly and *legato*, was sung by the gondoliers in Venice on the morning of Assumption day; that is in those days when

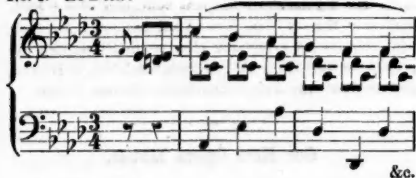
they had not been taught that this sort of thing was good for nothing, and made ashamed of it. The effect of this song, especially when given by a numerous chorus in the open air, to a gentle beating of the time by the oars, was to touch the very bottom of the heart. Indeed it must have been irresistible to every one, save such as opposed its influence upon them by mockery or brutality."

The piece referred to is none other than the well known "Sicilian Mariners' Hymn," as it is called in our old books of forty years since. In the early editions of the Handel and Haydn Collection, it is called "Sicilian Hymn," and now-a-days we find it in books, as "Sicily." Now I do not recollect that the name of its supposed author stands over the tune in any of the old books, certainly not in those of Mr. Mason, which I have by me. But Zeuner, in the *Ancient Lyre*, says, "A Latin hymn by Mozart," and since then most of our singing books place Mozart's name over it.

Is Zeuner right or Rochlitz? Who knows?

Feb. 26.—I have been looking over my various catalogues of Beethoven's works, with reference to the question of a friend as to the authenticity of the multitude of Waltzes attributed to him. But, the idea of doubting their authenticity! True, very few of them are to be found even in that magnificent 'Thematic Catalogue' published in 1851, by Breitkopf and Härtel of Leipzig; but it only shows that the compiler of that catalogue—was not posted up! Now everybody—in this country—knows that Beethoven composed that exquisite little thing, the "Spirit Waltz;" but it is not in this catalogue; nor those popular works, the *Tabitha*, the *Judy*, and the *Cabbage Waltzes*, so expressive of the yearnings of sentimental spirits. Who could have manufactured them, except Beethoven? If anybody else, would he have dared put that composer's name to them? Of course not. Therefore the authors of the catalogues are mistaken, and must have some American catalogues of music sent them before their next edition. Among the best known and most popular Waltzes which we have under the name of Beethoven, are the following:

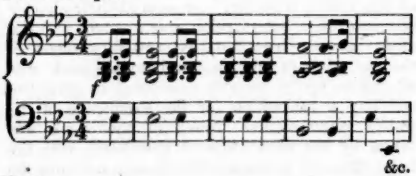
No. 1. *Le Desir.*



No. 2. *La Douleur.*



No. 3. *L'Espoir.*



No. 4.



No. 5.



No. 6.



&c.

Of these Waltzes, No. 2 and No. 3 were published in the London 'Harmonicon' as Beethoven's, before the death of the composer, and all have been published again and again as being from his hand. No. 1 has also been published as being by Franz Schubert—yet Jullien gave it on his Beethoven nights as being the work of that composer. Now, in the 'Thematic Catalogue' they are given as being in a publication of Schott of Mayence, entitled "Souvenir à L. v. Beethoven: *Sechs Walzer und ein Trauermarsch*"—the funeral march being that in the Sonata, op. 26, transposed to A minor. This *Souvenir* is contained in Part III of the catalogue, which is an "Anhang," [appendix] to the work, and the first division of which contains "Tonstücke angeblich von Beethoven," that is, "Pieces attributed to Beethoven." Now turning to the catalogue in the new edition of Beethoven's *Studien*, which is evidently made up from the Thematic, I find that these six waltzes are omitted altogether—proving that Pierson, the editor, gave them no credit as being the work of Beethoven.

Another appendix to the Thematic Catalogue, is a systematic list of the master's compositions, and in this these are not given. No wonder that they have passed as being Beethoven's, for they are exquisite. But we must give up that idea, as we have had to give the pleasing associations connected with that lovely thing called "Von Weber's last Waltz," which is now attributed to Reissiger. As to the dance music really composed by Beethoven, it consists of the following works, which however the author did not think worthy of being numbered among his *opera*.

1. 6 *landlerische Tänze*. Arranged for piano-forte by Czerny and published in the great collection of Waltzes which he edited. 2. 7 *do*. Arranged and published do. 3. 12 *Deutsche Tänze*, which were written for two violins and bass and originally performed in the Hall known as the *Klein Redoutensaal* at Vienna. Also in Czerny's collection. 4. 6 *Contretänze*. 5. Minuet in E \flat . 6. 6 *Menuetten*. 7. 12 *Menuetten*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 11, 1854.

NEW VOLUME. On the Eighth of April our Journal will enter upon its third year, and with new assurances of public favor and success. Of course new subscriptions will be now in order. The majority of our subscribers will please bear in mind that their present subscription expires with three more numbers. We trust they will all notify us, before the month is out, of their intention to *renew*, and that subscribers at a distance will see the reasonableness of our terms as advertised, viz: two dollars per annum in advance.

We have enclosed bills to a large number of subscribers who have not yet paid for the year now closing, and beg that they will promptly remit by mail or otherwise.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN NEW YORK. Your attention is particularly requested to the above.

New York Philharmonic Society.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1854.

DEAR DWIGHT:—On Saturday evening the Philharmonic Society gave its third concert, of this its 12th season, according to the programme hereto appended. Gade's Symphony is unmistakably his. The same feeling which seems to run through all old modern Literature, whether Pict, Scot, or Scandinavian—in the Sagas of the Skalds and in the poems of Gaelic bards, tints and pervades that work as it does all the others of Gade which I have happened to hear. This was only

a second hearing and I can hardly venture to speak very decidedly upon it. On the whole, I was rather disappointed in it. The Scherzo is a very original and beautiful movement, and the close, dying away so delicately, is most finely conceived. The Andante, with all its rich coloring, wanted melody to my ear and proved rather heavy. We are destined, I think, to find Gade less of a composer than his first works led us to hope. He seems to have but one vein; each work, like each succeeding poem of Macpherson's "Ossian," is the same thing in sentiment. How differently the great symphonists wrought. Compare any two of Mozart's, or any two of Beethoven's, or even of Mendelssohn, and you have a new train of feeling, a new sentiment expressed. I fear Gade will prove a sort of *Ik Marvel* in music.

Mr. Schumann's two songs, especially the very injudicious selection from "St. Paul," fell dead on the audience. An Aria from "Paul" must come in its regular connection in the oratorio to be effective, and must moreover be sung with much dramatic force and in tune.

Spohr's Concertino is a very interesting piece of music, and with Burke's excellent playing gave high satisfaction. You will find in the programme a word or two about its design. The overture, by the same composer, to "Faust"—not Goethe's drama, but a poor opera of the same title—has never pleased me. It is much played abroad and considered classic, but to me it has always seemed to be little else than noise and confusion.

The Romance and Rondo from Chopin's Concerto are lovely in the highest degree. Nothing can surpass the *Chopin-ism* of the Romance, with its æolian delicacy, and the dreamy, delicious feeling which flows all through it. You should have heard Hoffman play it! Why it is that we hear so little of that artist I cannot imagine. Is he not one of the *great* performers? In answer to the continued applause which followed the Concerto, he treated the audience to some great finger-work—pity we could not have had part of the romance again.

Beethoven's first Symphony, with its Mozartish and Haydnish effects, was very well played, and being easy of comprehension was listened to with marked attention to the end of the third movement, when a large portion of the audience left. Most of the remainder stayed through. As to the audience, upon the whole it was quite attentive—for New York. I say "for New York," because usually the number is very limited, who can go home from one of these concerts and say with truth: "This evening I have listened to the music; this evening has not been spent in indifferent (yes, very indifferent) conversation with my neighbors; this evening I have not been guilty of utterly destroying the pleasure of some poor fellow to whom a Philharmonic concert is a costly and ill afforded gratification; this evening I for once have not made the judicious weep by exposing my ignorance of music, my want of musical taste, and my utter destitution of good manners." From brainless fops and dandies we expect nothing and hope nothing. But there is a set of young women, who attend all the rehearsals and concerts, whose conduct is utterly beyond excuse. In selecting a seat avoid them as you would a pestilence. They, and a set of free ticket ninny-hammers, are always there—to meet each other probably—for what pretensions they have to be considered lovers of music, when never by any accident do they listen

to any, is past finding out. I missed some of these too well-known faces Saturday evening, and have some hopes that my prayers are answered, and they were kept at home by sickness or were lost in the profound depths of the streets. If the audience is gradually becoming musical, Heaven be praised!

The Philharmonic appears to be unusually flourishing. Well, it has certainly been a patient waiter for success! Whether it might not have achieved it sooner by adopting a scale of prices of admission which would have called out many who do not now feel able to attend, especially as the music performed is of a character which requires considerable cultivation of taste for its enjoyment, is a matter for those concerned to decide. People who know nothing of orchestral music can hardly be expected to pay a high price to hear it. However, the number of auditors is very fair this winter. Those who really have a taste for great music, attend these concerts, or go without.

You will have noticed the premonitory symptoms of a musical revolution—a declaration of independence is expected soon—America is on the point of throwing off allegiance to Germany. In vocal music the victory is already achieved. Three negro minstrel bands draw nightly crowds of devotees to their temples, while a German four-part *Lied*, or an old English Glee, is unknown. And now the strong fortress of Symphony is to be attacked. Exactly how the war is to be carried on, since of the sixty-three names on the Philharmonic list, all but some seven or eight read with a German sound, I do not see. If the Society originated in the desire of the German resident musicians to keep up their knowledge of and taste for the music of their native land, and in the wish of Americans to know the music of which they had heard and read so much—and this I take to have been its origin, and this principle to have been followed thus far in its management—a discontented one or two will probably find up-hill work in arraying their forces and attacking the citadel. The fifty odd Germans will be very likely to stick to Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn and so on, and that with right. So far from the Society's not giving novelties enough, it ought to make it a standing rule, as many such societies abroad do, that of the two symphonies at each concert, one *shall* be either Mozart, Haydn or Beethoven. Again, as the present audience of the Philharmonic—in so far as it cares for music at all—has been indebted for its musical culture to that society, and its taste formed upon its models, it is difficult to see how their strength is to be turned into the ranks of the attacking party. As the matter now stands, the whole force of the brass and wood instruments, together with those of percussion, and a great majority of the strings are arrayed on one side, while as yet the other party has but a fiddle or two—a slender chance for the latter, truly! Imagine the conflict; the Teutonic army drawn up in martial array, furnished with ammunition by Captain Mozart, and on the other side one or two violins, perhaps reinforced by some of our American instruments. *Nun geht's los!* With an awful shock the quadruple fugue in Mozart's C major Symphony meets in mid air a strain from—from—but we will not specify.

No, no, this will never do. We must wait until an orchestra is formed of American, native,

free and enlightened citizens, who shall play nothing that comes across the water. And lest our French and Italian friends should be aggrieved, they shall also have their societies for the performance of *French and Italian* symphonies; and that all may have fair play, the lovers of music will combine to assist those eminent performers—now, alas, selling tobacco and cigars, or distributing advertisements in the streets—who came hither not long since from China, in starting again in the national music business. I shall go strong for the latter—blessed be their long queues!—and besides, they if anybody are the victims of the Philharmonic; not a piece of theirs has that exclusive society seen fit to rehearse—much less produce in public! Chan Yong, who has the cigar stand at the Park gate, vows he will compose a piece in two evenings, which he will challenge the Philharmonic to produce, “sandwiched” as they please. So they say,—rather doubtful though.—Chan Yong is a good fellow, and those who deal with him like him, and hardly will believe that he will do it.

Seriously, the society in question I understand to be formed upon the basis of the great orchestral societies abroad, and like them its performances are to be of music by composers of high and acknowledged standing. We need, and it is devoutly to be hoped that some time we may have, a society where popular music and the compositions of new men, may receive a calm and unbiassed hearing. In a city like this it argues a low state of musical taste, if an orchestra of some thirty or forty members could not exist by a series of weekly afternoon concerts. PEGAN.

PROGRAMME, (referred to above.)

PART I.

Symphony No. 4, in B flat, op. 20, (first time.)—Niels W. Gade.
1. Andantino, Allegro vivace e gracioso.—2. Andante con moto.
—3. Scherzo, Allegro ma non troppo.—4. Finale, Allegro molto vivace.

Song of the Omer, from the Opera, ‘Peter the Great,’ Lortzing.
Mr. JULIUS SCHUMANN.

Concertino No. 3, in A, op. 110, (first time.) ‘Past and Present,’ for Violin, by
Mr. JOSEPH BUREZ.

The author would seem to have endeavored in this composition to show, to a limited extent, the peculiar characteristics of a certain style of music which was much in vogue in Germany some fifty years ago, as distinguished from that kind of music which superseded this style at a later period. He has sought to render the former by adopting as his theme the movement of an old-fashioned slow “Minuetto,” while he represents the latter by a fresh and lively melody in 2-4 time. Both the themes are introduced several times alternately, and interwoven in that ingenious manner for which the composer, as a master spirit of the art of modulation, is so justly celebrated.

PART II.

Overture to ‘Faust,’ in C, (first time.)..... Louis Spohr.
Romance and Rondo Vivace, from the Concerto in E,
op. 11, for Piano, (first time.)..... F. Chopin.

Mr. RICHARD HOFFMAN.

Aria from Oratorio of ‘St. Paul,’ F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

Mr. JULIUS SCHUMANN.

Symphony No. 1, in C, op. 21, (first time.)—L. van Beethoven.
1. Adagio molto, Allegro con brio.—2. Andante con moto.—
3. Scherzo, Allegro molto vivace.—4. Finale, Allegro molto e vivace.

Acknowledgements.

1. Mr. F. F. MUELLER writes us an epistle (which might amuse the curious reader, were we authorized to print it), touching certain strictures in our last upon the piano accompaniment to Schubert's song: “Thou art the rest,” as sung at the Mendelssohn Quintette Concert by Mrs. Wentworth, and regretting that we did not name himself as the accompanist. Naturally he does this out of pure concern for the good name of Mr. Hause, the only pianist mentioned in the programme, but who did not play the accompaniment in question. We owe Mr. Hause an apology for even seeming to refer to him, and we hereby cheerfully make it. And as to Mr. Müller, we shall most cheerfully stand corrected if

we have done him wrong. But in what we said of that performance we had no thought of him or any person; we but compared (too hurriedly and briefly perhaps) the rendering of a favorite song with our own notion of it; thinking it more profitable to judge facts and things, than persons. His rendering of the accompaniment was at variance with what we believed the true conception of it; we did not blame him for it, nor intimate that it was at all impossible for one generally a good musician to mistake the character of a given work in a given instance. We felt it would be unfair to name him, because he was not named in the programme, and very probably (as it occurred to us) was kindly volunteering his aid to others at perhaps a moment's notice; and because we never wish to bring any person into questionable prominence, if we can righteously avoid it. Can we not dissent from a professor's reading of a piece of music, without wrong to him!

2. Mr. GEORGE F. BRISTOW, an American composer of symphonies, overtures, &c., and a director of the New York Philharmonic Society, addresses a letter to Willis's *Musical World* anent the Fry controversy, bitterly endorsing his (Fry's) statement of grievances experienced by American musical Art,—particularly at the hands of said Philharmonic Society, which Mr. Bristow proposes hereafter to convict of a “systematized effort for the extinction of American music.” At the end of his letter, Mr. Bristow “respectfully requests Mr. Dwight to copy this and let America have one word to say in his paper where Germany has had ten thousand.”

We must set some limit to the entertainment of this, as of all other controversies and of all other topics, in these columns, and therefore respectfully decline to copy the letter entire, feeling justified in the fact that, spirited as it is, it adds little besides rhetoric and feeling to the statements of Mr. Fry. Yet, to show the gist and style of it, we extract some of the pithiest sentences, including one for our own benefit.

As it is possible to miss a needle in a hay-stack, I am not surprised that Mr. Fry has missed the fact, that during the eleven years the Philharmonic Society has been in operation in this city, it played once, either by mistake or accident, one single American composition, an overture of mine. As one exception makes a rule stronger, so this single stray fact shows that the Philharmonic Society has been as anti-American as if it had been located in London during the revolutionary war, and composed of native born English Tories. Your anonymous correspondent who is not worthy of notice except that you endorse him, says that a symphony of mine, also, was rehearsed, and not played in public. So Uncle Toby says—“Our army swore terribly at Flanders”—but that army did not fight. It appears the Society's eleven years of promoting American Art, have embraced one whole performance of one whole American overture, one whole rehearsal of one whole American symphony, and the performance of an overture by an Englishman stopping here—Mr. Loder—(whom your beautiful correspondent would infer is an American) who, happening to be conductor of the Philharmonic here, had the influence to have it played. Now, in the name of the nine Muses, what is the Philharmonic Society—or Harmony-lovers' Society—in this country? Is it to play exclusively the works of German masters, especially if they be dead, in order that our critics may translate their ready-made praises from German? Or, is it to stimulate original Art on the spot? Is there a Philharmonic Society in Germany for the encouragement solely of American music?

It is very bad taste, to say the least, for men to bite the hands that feed them. If all their artistic affections are unalterably German, let them pack back to Germany and enjoy the police and bayonets and aristocratic kicks and cuffs of that land, where an artist is a serf to a nobleman, as the history of all their great composers shows. America has made the political revolution which illumines the world, while Germany is still beset with a pall of feudal darkness. While America has been thus far able to do the chief things for the dignity of man, forsooth she must be denied the brains for original Art, and

must stand like a beggar, deferentially cap in hand, when she comes to compete with the ability of any dirty German village. Mr. Fry has taken the right ground. Against fearful odds, he has, as a classical composer, through you and your journal challenged all Germany to meet him before the audiences of the Philharmonic and Mr. Jullien; and the challenge has not been accepted.

Mr. Dwight, too, the editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, published in Boston, has found my “forms” in symphonic writing “odd.”—I beg to tell him they are not quite so odd as his critical forms when he gave an opinion on my music, as he now acknowledges “hastily,” and without having heard a note of it.

Excuse us, Mr. Bristow; we gave no opinion of your music. After reading our disclaimer of any intention of charging you with “odd designs,” why will you still find fault with us, instead of Mr. Fry, for coupling you together. Complaint was made that American composers (specifying the names of Fry and Bristow) had not received fair recognition. We simply said that Mr. Fry, and Mr. Bristow, and Mr. any body else, even the oddest claimant of originality, “are sure to be accepted just so soon as the world shall see that they have done what they themselves suppose they have.” A safe enough general assertion, one would think!

3. We have received a long and interesting communication from Mr. FRY, chiefly in answer to the historical statements of our “Diartist,” and also touching the true grounds and method of comparison between his symphonies and those of Beethoven, for which we hope to find room next week.

Otto Dresel's Fourth and Last Soiree.

We must not omit to chronicle the richest of these truly and thoroughly artistic occasions, which took place on Thursday evening, 2nd instant, too late for notice in our last. The audience was as large as usual, in spite of diversions especially affecting many of Mr. Dresel's subscribers; and the beautiful saloon received new interest from the presence of a noble and speaking bust (by our townsman, Thomas Ball) of one still felt as the presiding genius of the place, though bodily removed from us; in its placid and benignant smile we read, as of old, his sympathetic, genuine enjoyment of such music. Mr. Dresel gave us a heaped and overflowing measure of good things.

1. His own Trio, for piano, violin and violoncello, so much liked last year, was even more successful, because more appreciated, this time. It is a work that wears well; full of imagination, full of delicate touches, full of fire. Both in the ideas, which are individual and interesting, and in the working up, which is skilful, complex and yet clear, preserving the most satisfying unity amid great wealth of contrast to the end, it rewards attention and excites the desire for a more intimate acquaintance, scarcely less than the immortal compositions in this form (not very numerous, it is true) by the grander masters.—Strange to say, however, it suffered somewhat in the energetic and impassioned first movement from the nervousness of the composer pianist himself, who struck the chords out,—or rather in,—with that excess of force that chokes the tone it would set freely and boldly vibrating. But soon the instrument grew more genially responsive to a more confiding touch, and not again throughout the evening was the enjoyment marred by that or any cause. It is peculiarly the finest natures who are thus sometimes weaker than themselves, weakest in that which they possess most perfectly. Messrs. SCHULTZE and BERGMANN did unexceptionably their parts, true artists as they are; and the composition has passages that rather fondly favor the genius of the violoncello, as one finds also in the works of Mendelssohn.

2. Piano Solos by Mr. Dresel. First, a brilliant

and unique *Etude*, by Ferdinand Hiller, one of the most genial and in many forms productive composers of the day, too little known among us. Then an *Etude*, called *Kindermärchen* (children's story), by Moscheles, which we confess we have forgotten. And finally a march,—enthusiastic, earnest, sad, Hungarian enough,—from the *Divertissement Hongrois* of Schubert, a piece originally for four hands. All three together formed a pleasant, dainty *divertissement*, fit to lead from such a Trio to

3. The master Trio of all Trios, the magnificent one by Beethoven, in B flat. This was admirably played by the three artists, and we know of no work that is more sure to inspire its interpreters, if at all equal to the task in soul and fingers. It took the deepest, firmest hold upon the audience, from the first measures of the bold and buoyant Allegro, which, beginning as it were with a careless, glorious sense of power, grows ever more and more elated and in earnest in its play. The Scherzo, led off by the violoncello, whirls your thoughts away with the momentum of one of those wayward, unique, exquisite, freakish fancies, such as inspire only a Beethoven;—in the episodic part, or *trio*, opening darker depths which make you shudder, as you irresistibly bend forward over the very verge to look in. The Adagio, with its large, swelling, harmonies, comes as near to the sublime as any music can do on no larger scale; the soul is filled, expanded, strengthened, solemnized, when it becomes the receiver of such music. Such a trio, and so rendered, would ensure the success of any Chamber Concert, were it to occur every week, we might say almost every evening, in the concert season.

4. Another bouquet of most delicately aromatic flowers of piano-forte music. A song without words, by Mendelssohn, played as only Mr. Dresel plays them, who makes the composer's thought so sing itself to us that we forget all mechanism. Then a Notturmo (in B), and an *Etude* (in E flat) by Chopin; and then, best of all, the heavenly Adagio from Chopin's second Concerto, which, as then rendered, seemed to us a miracle of tender, delicate and soul-fraught expression.

5. A string Quartet, by Messrs. SCHULTZE, SENTZ, MEISEL and BERGMANN, who gave us a neat rendering of a characteristic Andante with variations from a posthumous Quartet by Schubert.

6. Finally the great Quintet (piano, violin, &c.) of Robert Schumann, which has continually improved upon acquaintance, ever since it was first produced with the Mendelssohn Club by our friend SCHARFENBERG.

No concerts in our city have given such unalloyed satisfaction to those who have been fortunate enough to hear them, as these of Mr. Dresel. His success has exceeded that of last year; and there can be no doubt of a permanent and growing audience for his music every winter, if he should remain with us. For the present we may say, it is the unanimous and earnest wish, amounting to an expectation, that he will give an extra concert as soon as arrangements can be made.

CROWDED OUT. We have unwittingly left ourselves no room for a multitude of matters which entered into the plan of this day's paper; and must even postpone till next week any notice of the last Germania Concert,—decidedly the best orchestral concert of the season. Their to-night's "light" programme includes not a few good things. The "Männerchor," as well as Miss LEHMANN, will add great attraction.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The lovers of classical chamber music surely do not need to be reminded of the extra concert, to be given at the Messrs. Chickering's rooms next Tuesday evening. See advertisement for a splendid programme.

Advertisements.

EXTRA CONCERT.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully inform the Musical Public that they will give

AN EXTRA CONCERT

At Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, Masonic Temple,
On Tuesday Evening, March 14th,

ASSISTED BY

Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, and
CARL HAUSE, Pianist.

A Piano Quintette by F. Ries, a Concerto by Hummel, Beethoven's Septett, and a Quartette by Mendelssohn will be presented.

Tickets, 50 cents each, may be had at the usual places.
Doors open at 7. Concert to commence at 7½ precisely.
No subscription or old complimentary tickets good for this concert.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society,

WILL GIVE THEIR

Fourteenth Grand Subscription Concert

On Saturday Evening, March 11th,

ASSISTED BY

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN,
Mr. ROBERT HELLER, Pianist,

AND BY THE

GERMAN MÄNNERCHOR.

The latter under the direction of Mr. A. KREISSMANN.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Overture to "Le Bal Masqué,".....Auber.
2. Waltz: "Hoffnungstrahlen," (Rays of Hope),...Wittmann.
3. Scherzo, from Symphony No. 3,.....Mendelssohn.
4. Aria, from Norma: "Casta Diva,".....Bellini.
Sung by Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.
5. Terzetto and Finale from "Lucresia,".....Donizetti.
6. Gebet vor der Schlacht, (Prayer before the Battle),...Weber.
Sung by the Männerchor.

Part II.

7. Grand Overture to "Struensee,".....Meyerbeer.
8. Annen Polka, (by request),.....Strauss.
9. Reiter's Morgenlied,.....N. W. Gade.
Sung by the Männerchor.
10. Andante Capriccioso, for the Piano,.....Mendelssohn.
Performed by ROBERT HELLER.
11. Romanza from "Don Sebastian,".....Donizetti.
12. Swiss Song,.....Eckert.
Sung by Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.
13. Overture to "Lestocque,".....Herold.

Doors open at 6¼. Concert to commence at 7¼.
Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

NOTICE.—Our patrons are respectfully notified that we shall give a Concert on EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, until the 18th of March, inclusive, making the Programme alternately, one composed of light, and one of classical music.

Subscription Tickets taken at ALL the Saturday Concerts.
Additional sets and half sets of Subscription Tickets, can be secured at Wade's Music Store, every day from 11 to 2 o'clock.

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On Sunday Evening, March 11, 1854,

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

With the vocal assistance of Miss Anna Stone, Mrs. E. A. Wentworth, Miss S. E. Brown, Messrs. Arthurson, Thos. Ball, H. M. Aiken, and B. Wheat, with Orchestral Accompaniment by the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor,.....Mr. CARL BERGMANN.
Organist,.....Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Doors open at 6: Performance to commence at 7 o'clock.
A train from Newton and intermediate stations will be run, and tickets may be obtained of the Conductor.

Tickets for this Concert, at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the principal Hotels and Music Stores, at the doors on the evening of performance, and of
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The FIFTH of these delightful Entertainments will take place

On Monday Evening, March 13th,

AT THE SALOON OF THE MESSRS. CHICKERING,

MASONIC TEMPLE,

On which occasion

MISS BRAINERD,

The distinguished Vocalist from New York, will make her first appearance in Boston.

Basso.....Mr. CAMOENZ.
Violin.....CARL GARTNER.
Piano.....Mme. APTOMMAS and Mr. R. HELLER.
Harp.....Mr. APTOMMAS.
Conductor.....Mr. ROBERT HELLER.

Price of admission, Half a Dollar.
Soirée to commence at half past seven.
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Apr. 10.

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RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends and all who wish to receive instruction from him in music, that he is just commencing a new course of lessons on the PIANO-FORTE. Orders may be left at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington Street, at G. P. Reed's, or T. T. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,

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References.

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Jan. 21. 8m.

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 5 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals. Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents. Oct. 26

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PIANIST AND TEACHER OF MUSIC,

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Feb. 18.

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